

THE
Moral and Religious Cabinet.

"To aid the cause of Virtue and Religion."

Vol. I.

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No. 11.

To the Editor of the Moral and Religious Cabinet.

SIR,

I enclose the following extracts from the London Evangelical Magazine, for publication, if you think proper.

A SUBSCIBER.

COPY OF A LETTER

From a Soldier in America to his Wife in England, written a short time after the battle of Bunker-Hill.

My Dearest Love,

BEFORE these lines reach you, grim death will have swept me off the stage of life, and filthy reptiles will be feeding on that form once so dear to thee. No more shalt thou repose in these arms; no more shall these eyes, now swimming in the shades of death, behold thy lovely person, or gaze with delight on thee or my dear infants. Yesterday we had a bloody and obstinate fight, in which we had great numbers killed and wounded. I received one ball in my groin, another in my breast. I am now so weak with the loss of blood, that I can hardly write these few lines as the last tribute of my unchanging love to thee. The surgeons inform me that three hours will be the utmost I can survive. Alas! too true was the dire presage which brooded in my mind, that we should never meet again on this side eternity. On our passage from England to America, I gave myself up to reading the Bible, it being the only book I was possessor of. The Almighty parent of mankind, was pleased to draw my heart to him, by the sweet attractions of his grace, and at the same time to enlighten my mind. There is in the regiment a corporal who is a Methodist. I had no knowledge of him, till one night when

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I had been earnest in prayer to God, to guide me in the way of peace. During my sleep, I dreamt of this same man, and was directed to him by name, which was Samuel Pierce. The dream made so strong an impression on my mind, that next morning, I inquired if there was such a person in the regiment, and was greatly astonished to find him. I told him my dream, with which he was much pleased, we soon contracted a strong friendship and he was pleased to explain to me the amazing love of GOD, in giving his son Jesus Christ to bleed and die for mankind ; he unfolded to me the mysteries of salvation, the nature of the new birth, and the great necessity of holiness of heart and life ; in short he became my spiritual father, and to him, under GOD, I owe all the good I am acquainted with.—My dear love I wish thee to become acquainted with this blessed way of life.—Soon after we landed, GOD was pleased to speak peace to my soul ; Oh ! the bliss, the unutterable joy that I then felt through the blood of the Lamb ! how I longed to tell the whole world what Jesus had done for me ! But how did I long, yea burn to have thee, my dear love, to taste and know the love of GOD in Christ Jesus ? I would have given the world to have been with thee, to have informed thee of the pearl of great price. My dear love, as we shall never meet more, in this vale of tears, let me improve this last, this dying obligation upon thee ; and if I was ever dear to thee, let me intreat thee not to neglect the last advice of thy departing husband ; which is, that thou mayest give thyself up to GOD, read the Bible and good books, and frequent the preaching of the people called Methodists, and the Lord will guide thee in this way—And oh endeavour to bring up the dear little ones in the fear of GOD. Oh never fix thine heart upon the vain and unsubstantial things of this world. Heaven and the love of GOD are the only things that demand our hearts, or are worthy of engrossing them. Thou art yet young, nor can I wish thee not to enter again into the marriage state when I am cold and in the dust. But let me give thee some advice : marry with no one however handsome or rich he may be, unless he fears or loves GOD. That is the only thing needful.

During the four years we cohabited together many things occurred which I forbear mentioning ; but as I have obtained pardon of GOD, my awful judge, for all I have done, I most humbly beg of thee, that thou wilt pardon me, whereinsoever I have offended thee ; and I most heartily acquit thee of any thing thou hast done to disoblige me.—I have been a worthless husband to thee, and an undutiful son to my parents, and a vile rebel against my GOD. O GOD be merciful to me a sinner ! I die in peace with all the world. I die in a full assurance of eternal glory. A few moments and my soul shall be ranged amongst the disembodied spirits in the general assembly of the church of the first born, who are written in Heaven. Oh, my love ! I beg of thee, I beseech thee, I charge thee to meet me in the realms of glory ! Oh, fly to the arms of the once bleeding Jesus ; Oh, cry to him day and night, and he will hear, and bless thee !

And you, my dear infants, though you have not the perfect knowledge of your worthless father, I beg you would pray to meet me in the realms of bliss. The GOD who blessed Jacob and Joseph will bless you. Seek him, and he will be found of you ; call upon him, and he will hear and bless you. What is the world but sin and sorrow. The rich are oppressed with their wealth, the poor are groaning for the want of that which the others are burdened with ; the men of power are afflicted with holding the reins, and guiding the helm ; the governed are oppressed with real or imaginary evils. The life of a soldier is blood and cruelty ; that of a sailor dangers and death ; A city life is full of confusion and strife ; a country life is loaded with toil and labour. But the greatest of all evils flows from our own sinful nature. Wherever we are, we may be happy ; we carry the key of bliss in our own breast. The world itself never yet made any one happy. GOD alone is the bliss of a reasonable soul, and he is every where present, and we have every where free access to him. Learn then my dear children to seek for permanent happiness in GOD, through a crucified Redeemer.

My dear love, should the spirits of the departed have any knowledge of things here below, and at the same time any intercourse with them, (though unseen) how shall I rejoice to be thy guardian angel, to attend thee, and smile to see thee combat sin, conquer the world, and subdue the flesh; but if not, how shall I smile to meet thee on the bright frontiers of Heaven ; these hands shall weave for thee, with joy, thy triumphant crown. I first will hail thee to thy native mansions. I first will guide thy conquering feet to the celestial city, and introduce thee to the jubilant throng who tread the streets of the new Jerusalem. I first will lead thee to the sacred throne of GOD, where we will together bow, transported at the sublime seat of the ever adored Jesus. Then, then will we strike our melodious harps of gold, in the most exalted strains of harmony and love. Then shall our love be consummated, refined and eternalized.

The world recedes, it disappears :
 Heaven opens on my eyes my ears,
 With sounds seraphic ring ;
 Lend, lend your wings ; I mount I fly !
 O grave, where is thy victory ?
 O death, where is thy sting ?

Dear love, more would I say, but life ebbs out apace, my senses cease to perform their office. Bright angels stand around the gory turf on which I lie, ready to escort me to the arms of my Jesus. Bending saints reveal my shining crown, and beckon me away. Yea, methinks my Jesus bids me come. Adieu ! Adieu ! Adieu dear love.

JOHN RANDON.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Our dear Francis was a lovely child ; his little body beautifully shaped ; and the openings of his mind were delightful to us as the blossom of spring. His smiles had often filled our parental hearts with joy ; and eight months acquaintance had united our affections

•closely to him. At this time a friend called at our house—a friend whom we had long trusted, and always found most affectionate and faithful—his name is Jesus.—a name that must always be as “ointment poured out”—He saw we were unable to provide for our infant charge ; and so without asking our leave, he took it away with him, knowing that when we became acquainted with his reasons, and motives, we should rather rejoice than repine. But mark his tenderness !—At the same time that he took our sweet darling to himself, he left behind him, for our perusal and comfort, an account of what he had done, with his motives, and reasons, expressed in a manner calculated at once to calm, compose, and satisfy our minds. He therein assured us, that all he had done, he had done in love ; that he would provide for our darling above all that we could ask or think ; that the babe should lie in his bosom, and lack for nothing ; that he should not have a want unsupplied, or wish ungratified ; that he never should be out of his sight, or feel pain, or sorrow any more. At the same time, he assured us of his ability to perform all he had promised ; and added, that in a short time he would come again, and take us too, that we and our sweet babe might be happy together for ever and ever!—what can we say in answer, but be it unto us according to thy word ?

ANECDOTE OF MR. OLIVER HEYWOOD.

THERE are some circumstances in the life of Mr. Oliver Heywood, well known by his excellent Treatise on Closet Prayer, and other Works, which afford us pleasing ideas of the providential care of God towards his people. The following anecdote, says his Biographer, is authentic. His little stock of money was quite exhausted, the family-provisions were quite consumed, and Martha, a maid-servant, who had lived in his family several years, and who often assisted them, could now lend no more assistance from

the little savings of former days. Mr. Heywood still trusted, that God would provide, although he had nothing but the divine promise to rely on.

When the children began to be impatient for want of food, Mr. Heywood called his servant, and said to her, "Martha, take a basket, and go to Halifax, call upon Mr. N— the shopkeeper in Northgate, and tell him, I desire him to lend me five shillings. If he will be kind enough to do it, buy us some cheese, some bread, and such other little things as you know we most want; be as expeditious as you can in returning, for the poor children begin to be fretful for want of something to eat. Put on your hat and cloak, and the Lord give you good speed. In the mean time, we will offer up our requests to him who feedeth the young ravens when they cry, and who knows what we have need of before we ask him." Martha observed her master's directions; but when she came near the house, where she was ordered to beg for the loan of five shillings, through timidity and bashfulness, her heart failed her. She passed by the door again and again, without having courage to go in and tell her errand. At length Mr. N— standing at his shop-door, and seeing Martha in the street, called her to him, and said, "Are you not Mr. Heywood's servant?" When she had, with an anxious heart, answered in the affirmative, he added, "I am glad I have this opportunity of seeing you: Some friends at M—, have remitted to me five guineas for your master, and I was just thinking how I could contrive to send it." Martha burst into tears, and, for some time, could not utter a syllable. The necessities of the family, their trust in Providence, the seasonableness of the supply, and a variety of other ideas breaking in upon her mind at once, quite overpowered her. At length she told Mr. N— upon what errand she came, but that she had not courage to ask him to lend her poor master money. The tradesman could not but be affected with the story, and told Martha to come to him when the like necessity should press upon them at any future time. She made haste to procure the necessary pro-

visions, and, with a heart lightened of its burden, ran home to tell the success of her journey.

Though she had not been long absent, the hungry family had often looked wishfully out at the window for her arrival. When she came to her master's door, it was presently opened, and the joy to see her was as great as when a fleet of ships arrives, laden with provisions, for the relief of a starving town, closely besieged by an enemy. The children danced round the maid, eager to look into the basket of eatables ; the patient mother wiped her eyes, the father smiled, and said, “The Lord hath not forgotten to be gracious ; his word is true from the beginning, the young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.” Martha related every circumstance of her little adventure, as soon as tears of joy would permit her, and all then partook of the homely fare, with a sweeter relish than the fastidious Roman nobles ever knew, when thousands of pounds were expended to furnish one repast. Had you been present while this pious family were eating their bread and cheese, and drinking pure water from the spring, you might perhaps have heard the good man thus addressing the wife of his bosom, “Did I not tell you, my dear, that God would surely provide for us ? Why were you so fearful, O you of little faith ? Our heavenly Father knoweth that we have need of these things. Jesus said to his disciples, when I sent you without purse or scrip, lacked ye any thing ? and they said, Nothing, Lord.”

The spirit of persecution raged so hotly against him, that this worthy man was under the necessity of taking leave of his dear family, and of going he knew not whither. But the question was, how should he be equipped for his journey ? He had a horse, but the little money that remained must be left for the support of the family, for whom Mr. Heywood was much more concerned than for himself. One winter’s morning, when it was yet dark, the horse was saddled, and this good man, after bidding adieu to his affectionate wife, and saluting his children in their beds, set out,

like Abraham, when he left his father's house, not knowing whither he went. He moved silently along in by-ways for some time, for fear of being seen, till he got out of the neighbourhood. Having not one farthing in his pocket, to bear his travelling expences, he committed himself to the protection of Providence. He determined at length to leave his horse at full liberty to go what way it would, and thus travelled on for a considerable part of the day, till both man and beast stood in great need of refreshment. Towards evening, the horse bent its course to a farm-house, a little out of the road. Mr. Heywood called at the door, and a clean, decent woman came out to enquire what he wanted. "I have reason," said he, "to make an apology for the liberty I have taken, being an entire stranger in these parts. My horse stands in need, as well as myself, of refreshment for the night; if you could, any way, make it convenient to furnish my horse with a little hay, and a stand under cover, and myself with a seat by your fire-side, I ask no more." The good woman, a little surprized at his request, told him she would consult her husband. After a few minutes they both came to the door, and Mr. Heywood repeated his solicitation; but told them that he had no money to satisfy them for any trouble they might have on his account; yet he hoped God would reward them. They immediately desired him to alight; the master led the horse into the stable, and the mistress took the stranger into the house, invited him to sit down, stirred up the fire, and began to prepare him something to eat. Mr. Heywood told her, "that he was concerned to see her give herself so much trouble, that, being unable to make her any recompence, he did not request either a supper or a bed, "but only that he might sit by the fire-side till morning." The mistress assured him, "that for an act of hospitality she did not expect any reward, and that though the accommodations, which her house would afford, were but indifferent, he should be welcome to them, and therefore she hoped he would make himself easy." After supper they all sat down before the fire, and the master of the house desired to know of the stranger what countryman he was. "I

was born," said he, " in Lancashire, but I have a wife and family in the neighbourhood of Halifax." " That is a town," said the farmer, " where I have been ; and some years ago, I had a little acquaintance with several persons there. Pray do you know Mr. S— and Mr. D—? and is old Mr. F— yet alive ?" The stranger gave suitable answers to these and many other enquiries. At length the kind hostess asked him, " If he knew any thing of one Mr. Oliver Heywood, who was formerly a minister at some chapel, not far from Halifax, but was now, on some account or other, forbidden to preach " The stranger replied, " There is a great deal of noise and talk about that man, some speak well, and some very ill of him, for my own part, I can say little in his favour." " I believe," said the farmer, " he is of that *sect which is every where spoken against*; but pray do you personally know him ? and what is it that inclines you to form such an indifferent opinion of his character ?" " I do know something of him," said the stranger ; " but as I do not choose to propagate an ill-report of any one, if you please, we will talk on some other subject." After keeping the farmer and his wife in suspense for some time, who were a little uneasy at what he had said, he told them, " That he was the poor outcast of whom they had made so many kind enquiries." All was then surprize, and joy, and thankfulness, that a merciful Providence had brought him under their roof. The master of the house said, " Mr. Heywood, I am glad to see you, having long had a sincere regard for you, from the favourable reports I have always heard of you. The night is not far spent, I have a few neighbours who love the gospel, if you will give us a word of exhortation, I will run and acquaint them. This is an obscure place, and as your coming here is not known, I hope we shall have no interruption." Mr. Heywood consented ; a small congregation was gathered ; and he preached to them with that fervour, affection, and enlargement, which attending circumstances served to inspire. On this joyful occasion, a small collection was voluntarily made by the hearers to help the poor traveller on his way.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF SAXONY.

HENRY duke of Saxony was by nature fierce and haughty, eager in his pursuits, impatient of disappointment or control. This temper was fortified by a bad education; so soon as he could reflect, he reflected that he was a sovereign; and he was ever soothed in the notions that a prince is above all law: at the same time he was inclined to the principles of justice and honour, where his passions did not oppose; and he had a profound awe for the Supreme Being, which, by his wicked life, deviated into superstition. The outrages committed by this prince were without end; every thing was sacrificed to his lust, cruelty, and ambition; and at his court, beauty, riches, honours, became the greatest misfortunes. His horrid enormities filled him with suspicion: if a granteé absented, it was for leisure to form plots; if he was submissive and obedient, it was merely dissimulation. Thus did the prince live wofully solitary, in the midst of fancied society; at enmity with every one, and, least of all, at peace with himself: sinning daily, repenting daily; feeling the agonies of reproving conscience, which haunted him waking, and left him not when asleep.

In a melancholy fit, under the impressions of a wicked action recently perpetrated, he dreamed that the tutelar angel of the country stood before him, with anger in his looks, mixed with some degree of pity. "Ill-fated wretch," said the apparition, "listen to the awful command I bear: the Almighty, unwilling to cut thee off in the fulness of iniquity, has sent me to give thee warning." Upon this the angel reached a scroll of paper, and vanished. The scroll contained the following words: "AFTER SIX." Here the dream ended: for the impression it made broke his rest. The prince awaked in the greatest consternation, deeply struck with the vision. He was convinced that the whole was from God, to prepare him for death; which he concluded was to happen in six months, perhaps in six days: and that this time was allotted him to make his peace with his Maker, by an unfeigned repentance for all his crimes. How idle and unpleasant seemed

now those objects, which he formerly pursued, at the expense of religion and humanity ! Where is now that lust of command, which occasioned so much bloodshed ? that cruel malice and envy against every contending power ? that suspicious jealousy, the cause of much imaginary treason, furies fostered in his bosom, preying incessantly upon his vitals, and yet darlings of his soul ? Happy expulsion, if not succeeded by the greatest of all furies, black despair !

Thus, in the utmost torment of mind, six days, six weeks, and six months, passed away, but death did not follow ; and now he concluded that six years were to be the period of his miserable life. By this time the violence of the tempest was over : hitherto he had sequestered himself from mankind, and had spent in abstinence and private worship the short time he thought allotted him.

He now began to form resolutions of a more thorough repentance ; now was he fixed to do good, as he formerly had done mischief, with all his heart. The supposed shortness of his warning had hitherto not left it in his power to repair the many injuries he had committed, which was the weightiest load upon his mind. Now was he resolved to make the most ample reparation.

In this state, where hope prevailed, and some beams of sunshine appeared breaking through the cloud, he addressed himself to his Maker in the following terms :

“ O thou glorious and omnipotent Being ! parent and preserver of all things ! how lovely art thou in peace and reconciliation ! but oh, how terrible to the workers of iniquity ! While my hands are lifted up, how doth my heart tremble, for manifold have been my transgressions ! Headlong driven by impetuous passion, I deserted the path of virtue, and wandered through every species of iniquity ; trampling conscience under foot, I surrendered myself to delusions, which, under the colour of good, abandoned me still to misery and remorse ; happy only, if, at any moment, an offended

conscience could be laid asleep. But what source of happiness in doing good! and in feeling the calm sunshine of virtue and honour! O my conscience! when thou art a friend, what imports it who is an enemy? When thou lookest dreadful, where are they fled, all the blessings, all the amusements, of life? Thanks to a superabundant mercy, that hath not left me to reprobation and misery, but hath indulged a longer day for repentance. Good God! the lashes of agonizing remorse let me never more feel; be it now my only concern in this life, to establish with my conscience a faithful correspondence: my inordinate passions, those deluding enchanters, root thou out; for the work is too mighty for my weak endeavour. And oh! mould thou my soul into that moderation of desire, and just balance of affection, without which no enjoyment is solid, no pleasure unmixed with pain. Hereafter let it not be sufficient to be quiet and inoffensive; but, since graciously to my life thou hast added many days, may all be spent in doing good; let that day be deemed lost, which sees me not employed in some work beneficial to my subjects, or to mankind; that, at last, I may lay me down in peace, comforted, if I have not proved, in every respect, an unprofitable servant."

His first endeavours were to regain the confidence of his nobles, and love of his people. With unremitting application he attended to their good; and soon felt that satisfaction in considering himself as their father, which he never knew, when he considered them as his slaves. He now began to relish the pleasures of social intercourse, of which pride and jealousy had made him hitherto insensible. He had thought friendship a chimera, devised to impose upon mankind: convinced now of its reality, the cultivation of it was one of his chief objects. Man he found to be honest and faithful, deserving esteem, and capable of friendship: hitherto he had judged of others by the corrupt emotions of his own heart. Well he remembered his many gloomy moments of disgust and remorse, his spleen and bad humour, the never-failing attendants of vice and debauchery. Fearful to expose his wicked purposes,

and dreading every searching eye, he had estranged himself from the world ; and what could he expect, conscious as he was of a depraved heart, but aversion and horror ? Miserable is that state, cut off from all comfort, in which an unhappy mortal's chief concern is to fly from man, because every man is his enemy. After tasting of this misery, how did he bless the happy change ! Now always calm and serene, diffusive benevolence gilded every thought of his heart and action of his life. It was now his delight to be seen, and to lay open his whole soul ; for in it dwelt harmony and peace. Fame, became his friend, blazed his virtues all around ; and in distant regions was the good prince known, where his vices had never reached. Among his virtues, an absolute and pure disinterestedness claimed every where the chief place ; in all disputes he was the constant mediator betwixt sovereigns, and between them and their subjects ; and he gained more authority over neighbouring princes by esteem and reverence, than they had over their own subjects.

In this manner elapsed the six years, till the fatal period came. The vision was fulfilled ; but very differently from what was expected : for, at this *precise* period, a vacancy happening, he was unanimously chosen EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

INSTANCES OF PERSONS WHO DEVOTED MUCH OF THEIR TIME TO READING THE SACRED WRITINGS.

AT the time of the reformation, after the bible had been buried under the rubbish of human ordinances for many ages, the people were extremely eager to read and hear the holy scriptures. They were received with inexpressible joy. Ridley and others could repeat large parts of them without book. Barnes sometime afterwards, read a small pocket bible, that he usually carried about him a hundred and twenty times over, at leisure hours. Beza, at upwards of eighty years of age, could repeat the whole of Paul's Epistles, in the original Greek, and all the Psalms in Hebrew.

Cromwell, in a journey to and from Rome, learned the whole of the New Testament by heart.—Lady Jane Grey, though executed at the age of sixteen, the night before she died, bequeathed to her sister a Greek Testament, on one of the blank leaves of which she wrote:—“ I have sent you a book, which, although it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is of more worth than all the precious mines, which the vast world can boast of. It is the book of the law of the Lord. It is the testament and last will which he bequeathed unto us wretched sinners, which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy.—It will teach you to live and learn you to die.—If you apply yourself diligently to this book seeking to direct your life according to the rule of the same, it shall win you more, and endow you with greater felicity, than the possession of all your father’s lands, and you shall be an inheritor of such riches, as neither the covetous shall withdraw from you, neither the thief shall steal, neither yet the moths corrupt.”

Elizabeth, speaking of her own conduct, saith, “ I walk many times in the pleasant fields of the holy scriptures, where I pluck up the goodisome herbs of sentences by pruning; and lay them up at length in the high seat of memory by gathering them together; that so, having tasted the sweetness, I may the less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life.”

Alphonsus, king of Naples, who did not begin to study till he was fifty years of age, read over the Old and New Testament, with their glosses, fourteen times.

Grotius made the holy scriptures his favourite study in every period of his life. They were his consolation in prison; he always devoted a part of the day to them; and they were his principal study during a great part of his embassy abroad.

Father Paul had read over the Greek Testament with so much exactness, that having used to mark every word, when he had

fully weighed the importance of it, as he went through it; he had, by going often over it, and observing what he had passed by in a former reading, grown up to that at last, that every word was marked in the whole New Testament; and when any new illustrations of passages were suggested to him, he received them with transports of joy.

Wotton, after his customary public devotion, used to retire to his study, and there to spend some hours in reading the bible, and authors in divinity, closing up his meditations with private prayer.

Hartopp amidst his other applications, made the book of God his chief study, and divinest delight. The bible lay before him night and day.

Witsius was able to recite almost any passage of scripture in its proper language, together with its context, and the criticisms of the best commentators.

Lady Frances Hobart read the Psalms over twelve times every year, the New Testament thrice, and the other parts of the Old Testament once.

Susannah, Countess of Suffolk, for the last seven years of her life, read the whole bible over twice annually. And that the knowledge of the holy scripture was never intended to be confined to clergy, or to Kings, learned men, and persons of rank, is evident from the words of Erasmus, who contributed more perhaps than any other man towards promoting the knowledge of the scriptural learning.—“I would desire that all women should read the gospel, and the epistles of Paul. I would to God, the plowman would sing a text of scripture at his plough; and that the weaver at his loom would thus drive away the tediousness of time. I would the way-faring man, with this pastime, would expel the weariness of his journey. And in short I would that all the communications of the Christian should be of the scripture.”

Poetry.

THE RETURN OF THE SPRING.

DESPOTIC Winter now his sway resigns,
 And in his cloud-form'd chariot quits our Zone ;
 Each gloomy prospect with its lord retires,
 And bright-rob'd Spring ascends her flowery throne.
 Hail ! gentle Spring, first daughter of the year !

At thy approach, prolific nature blooms ;
 The long depopulated groves look gay,
 And every tree it's emerald robe resumes.
 The lonely lawns, the joy-deserted fields
 That lately knew no melody of sound,
 (Save the sad chirping of some cold-pinch'd bird,) Now with the softest harmony abound :
 The silken flowrets burst their tender buds,
 Decking with vernal pride each sunny hill,
 Or spread their beauties on the turf-grown bank,
 That bounds the windings of a lucid rill.
 Now gentlest breezes fan the sylvan shade,
 And woodland choristers their songs improve ;
 While all around in concert sweet invite,
 The foot of friendship to the rural grove.
 Pleas'd I reflect on many an early walk,
 Where joy was brighten'd as it mutual prov'd :
 We lov'd to share whate'er each other felt,
 In joy or grief our sympathy was mov'd.
 And as we talk'd of brighter worlds above,
 Of endless springs, and ever-opening flowers,
 Terrestrial prospects shrunk beneath our view,
 And thoughts of Glory wing'd our ardent powers.